

Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,
Vpon his partie, for the gaine thereof:

And thereupon he sends you this good newes,
That this same very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they haue bene still my aduersaries:
But, that Ile giue my voice on Richards side,
To barre my Masters Heires in true Descent,
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.

Cates. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious
minde.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelue-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Masters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their Tragedie.

Well *Catesby*, ere a fort-night make me older,
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepar'd, and looke not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*: and so 'twill doe

With some men else, that thinke themselves as safe
As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are deare

To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head vpon the Bridge.

Hast. I know they doe, and I haue well defer'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-speare man?
Feare you the Bore, and goe so vnprovided?

Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow *Catesby*:
You may yeast on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these feuerall Counsels, I.

Hast. My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours,
And neuer in my dayes, I doe protest,
Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now:

Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The Lords at Pomfret, whē they rode from London,
Were iocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:

But yet you see, how soone the Day o're-cast.

This sudden stab of Rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God (I say) I proue a needlesse Coward.

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, haue with you:

Wot you what, my Lord,

To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,
Then some that haue accus'd them, weare their Hats.

But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.

Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.

How now, Sirra? how goes the World with thee?

Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to aske.

Hast. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,

Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:

Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the Queenes Allyes.

But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)

This day those Enemies are put to death,

And I in better state then ere I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your Honors good content.

Hast. Gramercie fellow: there, drinke that for me.

Purs. I thanke your Honor.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Ho-

nor.

Hast. I thanke thee, good Sir *John*, with all my heart.

I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Priest. Ile wait vpon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine?

Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Priest,

Your Honor hath no shriuing worke in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

The men you talke of, came into my minde.

What, goe you toward the Tower?

Buc. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:

I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.

Hast. Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.

Buc. And Supper too, although thou know'st it not.

Come, will you goe?

Hast. Ile wait vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying
the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Rivers. Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, let me tell thee this,
To day shalt thou behold a Subject die,
For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.

Grey. God bleesse the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You liue, that shall cry woe for this heere-
after.

Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Liues is out.

Rivers. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!

Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:

Within the guiltie Closure of thy Walls,
Richard the Second here was hackt to death:

And for more slander to thy dismall Seat,
Wee giue to thee our guiltlesse blood to drinke.

Grey. Now *Margarets* Curse is false vpon our Heads,
When shee exclaim'd on *Hastings*, you, and I,

For standing by, when *Richard* stab'd her Sonne.

Rivers. Then curs'd shee *Richard*,

Then curs'd shee *Buckingham*,

Then curs'd shee *Hastings*. Oh remember God,

To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs:

And for my Sister, and her Princely Sonnes,

Be satisfy'd, deare God, with our true blood,

Which, as thou know'st, vniustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste, the houre of death is expiate.

Rivers. Come *Grey*, come *Vaughan*, let vs here embrace.

Farewell, untill we meet againe in Heauen.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Quarta.

Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely,
Norfolk, Ratcliffe, Lovell, with others,
at a Table.

Hast. Now Noble Peeres, the cause why we are met,

Is to determine of the Coronation:

In Gods Name speake, when is the Royall day?

Buck. Is all things ready for the Royall time?

Darb. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To morrow then I Iudge a happie day.

Buck. Who knows the Lord Protectors mind herein?

Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?

Ely. Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his

minde.

Buck. We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,

He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,

Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:

Lord *Hastings*, you and he are neere in loue.

Hast. I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:

But for his purpose in the Coronation,

I haue not founded him, nor he deliuer'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time,

And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my Voice,

Which I presume hee'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happie time, here comes the Duke himselfe.

Rich. My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow:

I haue bene long a sleeper: but I trust,

My abience doth neglect no great designe,

Which by my presence might haue bene concluded.

Buck. Had you not come vpon your Q. my Lord,

William, Lord *Hastings*, had pronounc'd your part;

I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King.

Rich. Then my Lord *Hastings*, no man might be bolder,

His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.

My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborne,

I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,

I doe beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Exit Bishop.

Rich. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

Catesby hath founded *Hastings* in our businesse,

And findes the testie Gentleman so hot,

That he will lose his Head, ere giue consent

His Masters Child, as worshipfully he teatmes it,

Shall lose the Royaltie of Englands Throne.

Buck. Withdraw your selfe a while, Ile goe with you.

Exeunt.

Darb. We haue not yet set downe this day of Triumph:

To morrow, in my iudgement, is too sudden,

For I my selfe am not so well provided,

As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster?

I haue sent for these Strawberries.

Ha. His Grace looks chearfully & smooth this morning,

There's some conceit or other

When that he bids good morrow

I thinke there's neuer a man

Can lesse hide his loue, or ha

For by his Face straight shall

Darb. What of his Heart p

By any liuelyhood he shew'd

Hast. Mary, that with no

For were he, he had shewne i

Enter Richard, and

Rich. I pray you all, tell m

That doe conspire my death

Of damned Witchcraft, and t

Vpon my Body with their H

Hast. The tender loue I be

Makes me most forward, in t

To doome th' Offendors, wh

I say, my Lord, they haue de

Rich. Then be your eyes

Looke how I am bewitch'd

Is like a blasted Sapling, with

And this is *Edwards* Wife, th

Comforted with that Harlot,

That by their Witchcraft th

Hast. If they haue done

Rich. If? thou Protector

Talk't thou to me of Ifs: t

Off with his Head; now by

I will not dine, vntill I see th

Lovell and *Ratcliffe*, looke th

The rest that loue me, rise,

Alaric Lovell and

Lord H

Hast. Woe, woe for Eng

For I, too fond, might haue p

Stanley did dreame, the Bore

And I did scorne it, and didd

Three times to day my Foot

And started, when he look'd

As loth to beare me to the fl

O now I need the Priest, tha

I now repent I told the Purs

As too triumphing, how mi

To day at Pomfret bloodily

And I my selfe secure, in grac

Oh *Margaret*, *Margaret*, now

Is lighted on poore *Hastings*

Ra. Come, come, dispatch, t

Make a short Shrift, he longs

Hast. O momentarie gra

Which we more hunt for, th

Who builds his hope in ayre

Liues like a drunken Saylor

Readie with euery Nod to t

Into the fatall Bowels of th

Lou. Come, come, dispatch

Hast. O bloody *Richard*: n

I propheticke the fearefull t

That euer wretched Age ha

Come, lead me to the Block,

They smile at me, who shor